THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE GARLAND:

OR, THE Young MERCHANT'S Frolickſome Intrigues.

TEWKESBURY:
Printed and Sold by S. HARWARD: Sold alſo at his Shops in GLOCESTER and CHELTENHAM; where may be had all Sorts of New and Old Songs; Penny Hiſtories, &c. Wholeſale and Retale. Likewiſe, the True Original Daſly's Elixir, Bateman's Drops, Scotch Pills, and all other Medicines of eſtabliſhed Reputation, that are advertiſed in the Weekly Papers.

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE GARLAND, &c.

COME all ye young men that make it your ſport,
Poor innocent virgins for paſtime to court,
Draw near to my ſong, 'tis delightful to hear,
This frolic was acted in Cambridgeſhire.

A wealthy young merchant we find lived there,
Who lov'd a lord's beautiful daughter we hear,
Her father was willing ſhe ſhould be his bride,
But ſtill by this lady his ſuit was deny'd.

He ſtrove with preſents to gain her good will,
But ſhe was reſolved to live ſingle ſtill,
She ſaid, to viſit me, now thou art free,
But to be wedded I will not agree.

There's other bright ladies, which you may find,
And that for to marry, indeed are inclin'd,
I am not at my own diſpoſing, ſhe cry'd,
I have promis'd another to be his bride.

The merchant being baulk'd of what he deſign'd,
Said, I'll be reveng'd upon woman kind,
If I can I will get the whole nation with-child,
Since I o' my jewel am thus beguil'd.

A general lover I mean for to turn,
I'll court Nell and Betty, nay Bridget and Joan,
And love them as dear as I do declare,
For to be revenged on this female ſo fair.

This lady had a chambermaid fair,
This merchant then writes a letter to her;
He told her, that he was in love to his life
With her and reſolv'd to make her his wife.

Crying, when I to viſit your lady come here,
It was for the love of her chamber-maid fair,
But keep this a ſecret, my joy and delight,
And meet me in the meadows this ſelf ſame night.

The chambermaid mus'd when the letter ſhe read,
In her beſt attire herſelf ſhe array'd,
That night to meet her like lightning he run,
My heart's overjoy'd to ſee thou art come.

He told her, poor girl, ſuch a ſtory of love,
And how of her perſon he did much approve,
Perſuading her that kiſſes was no harm,
So at night in the meadow he got her with barn.

He gave her a ring to remember him then,
And in a ſhort time ſent for her again,
The merchant thus having the frolic begun,
To the lady he ſent the poor chambermaid home.

The next day he wrote to the houſe-maid we find,
Deſiring her to be unto him moſt kind,
And keep it a ſecret from her lady fair,
But 'twas for her love he us'd to come there.

Now in the green meadow to meet they both were
Then all his deſigns we will make it appear,
The poor harmleſs creature, ſtruck with ſurpriſe,
Muſt I be a merchant's fair lady, ſhe cries.

The night being come to the meadow ſhe went,
The merchant met her with ſeeming content;
As eagerly drew this fair maid to his arms,
And eagerly wanted to feaſt on her charms.

If thou wilt but grant this requeſt he cry'd,
Then thou in a fine gilded coach ſhall ride,
For I've made a vow before I do wed,
To inform myſelf rightly, if you be a maid.

The girl being afraid ſhe her huſband ſhould loſe,
To part with her maidenhead firſt ſhe did chuſe,
And then a gold ring he gave to her there,
With a poſy the ſame as the chambermaid's were.

This lady ſhe had a cook-maid we hear,
Who had been in the houſe many a year,
The merchant one day did write to poor Joan,
As ſhe in the kitchen was ſitting alone.

She open'd the letter and reading the ſame,
She ſhook her fat ſides, and laugh'd at the game,
Crying, when the merchant to viſit my lady did come
I remember he uſed to leer upon Joan.

And now I do find 'twas the paſſion of love,
I will go and meet him to night at the grove,
No more I will cook in the kitchen ſhe cry'd,
For the merchant ſwears he will make me his bride.

Then ſhe put on her hat, as was lined with green,
And a houſe wife apron ſo neat and ſo clean,
And thus to the meadow ſhe took her way,
And when to the merchant ſhe came, ſhe did ſay:

You writ me a letter and I had the ſame,
For concealing your love I think you're to blame,
You ſhou'dn't have languiſh'd had I the caſe known,
Who would thought you had loved poor Joan.

He ſaid, I adore you, the joy of my life,
But keep it a ſecret till I make you my wife,
Let none of the family know it, he cry'd,
And on Chriſtmas-eve I will make you my bride.

But let me my jewel, thy body embrace,
I'll give thee a ring, and with it my faith;
At the time appointed I'll make thee my bride,
But wont you forget poor Joan, ſhe reply'd.

She pull'd off her hat and laid it on the graſs,
I need not to mention what between them did paſs,
But he paid for his game, as you ſhall hear,
And Joan was the girl that the prize did bear.

He gave her the ring 'till he met her once more,
With a ſweet poſy the ſame as before;
Now ſhe thought ſhe was ſafe and ſo went home,
And ſaid, our maids will be ſpiting of Joan.

Now into the kitchen ſhe inſtantly went,
To cook her ſupper with much content;
But the merchant ran a fine game as we hear,
Amongſt the beautiful females ſo fair.

For in a ſmall village 'tis known very well,
In leſs than a month, the truth I do tell,
Eighteen pretty maidens he did get with child,
And now theſe poor laſſes are juſt going wild.

He promis'd each other upon Chriſtmas-eve,
Poor innocent creatures they did him believe,
He ſaid, now with kiſſing 'twas time to have done,
But now I will finiſh the reſt of the fun.

He ſent to each maiden a day juſt before,
And appointed to meet them all at the church door,
Poor innocent creatures, not knowing the game,
But to find the bridegroom immediately came.

Amongſt all the reſt came Joan the cook,
Had you ſeen how the girls at each other did look,
Each bluſhing for fear that the matter was blown,
And the like of this frolic ſure never was known.

The chambermaid ſtood and play'd with her fan,
The cook ſaid how came you here Mrs. Ann?
Has the merchant to you our wedding made known
So thro' the town you the matter have blown.

Mrs. Ann ſhe toſs'd up her head with a grace,
Saying, Mrs, Joan you miſtake the caſe,
I am promis'd marriage and I have a ring,
Quoth Joan, by me he has done the ſame thing.

The reſt of the laſſes being ſtruck with ſurprize,
Fell wringing their hands with tears in their eyes,
They pull'd out the ring which diſcover'd the game,
For all their poſies indeed were the ſame.

Said Joan, if I do not miſtake, I'm ſure beguil'd,
The chambermaid anſwer'd, I'm ſure got with child,
Said Joan, if I am not, why ſo big do I grow,
We ſhall come together, replies Mrs. Sue,

As they their conditions did ſtand and deplore,
The merchant came laughing unto the church door,
The cook ſhe laid hold on the ſlap of his coat,
Said, what ſhall we do with him girls give a vote.

We'll geld him, the chambermaid inſtantly cry'd,
Without he'll conſent to make me his bride,
The reſt ſaid, what madam, you have him all?
We'll each have a ſhare, or it ſhall coſt us a fall.

They ſeiz'd him, and got his ſword from his ſide,
Then pull'd of his garters his hands and feet ty'd,
And then to geld him, they fell to diſpute,
To let down his breeches the better to come to't.

While they were ſtriving to get him down,
With tears in her eyes, replies honeſt Joan,
Poor creature, don't hurt it, I do deplore,
No one ever did me the kindneſs before.

I will have him gelded, the chambermaid ſaid,
And ſo ſaid the reſt, except the cook-maid,
At laſt a moſt terrible fight did enſue,
Like feather their caps and pinners they flew.

Joan took up his ſword and ſolemnly ſwore,
The firſt that touch'd him ſhe'd murder them there,
At length to the church came the parſon and clerk,
And ſeeing the battle did ſtrive them to part.

Pray what is the matter, the parſon did ſay?
A conſtable fetch without more delay,
They ſaid, we're undone, we ſhall ſurely run wild,
This rogue has got eighteen of us with child.

On Chriſtmas-eve he did promiſe us all,
He would marry us, or it ſhould coſt him a fall,
If we are not revenged before we depart,---
Girls, pray be at peace, ſays the parſon and clerk.

The matter with you I will quickly decide,
O then the poor merchant they quickly unty'd;
Then gave him his ſword and bid him begone,
Next morning he ſent for poor honeſt Joan.

Five hundred bright guineas he gave to her then,
Becauſe on his ſide ſhe did manfully ſtand,
The news ſpread o'er the town I declare,
The young lady's father ſent for him there.

Saying, now for the frolic you have play'd,
No longer my daughter ſhall be delay'd,
A nurſery for theſe ſweet babes I'll have made,
At my own charges I'll keep them, he ſaid.

For it is plainly proved you are a man,
So freely my daughter to you I'll reſign.
And now this couple in marriage are ty'd,
And a loving huſband he proves to his bride.

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